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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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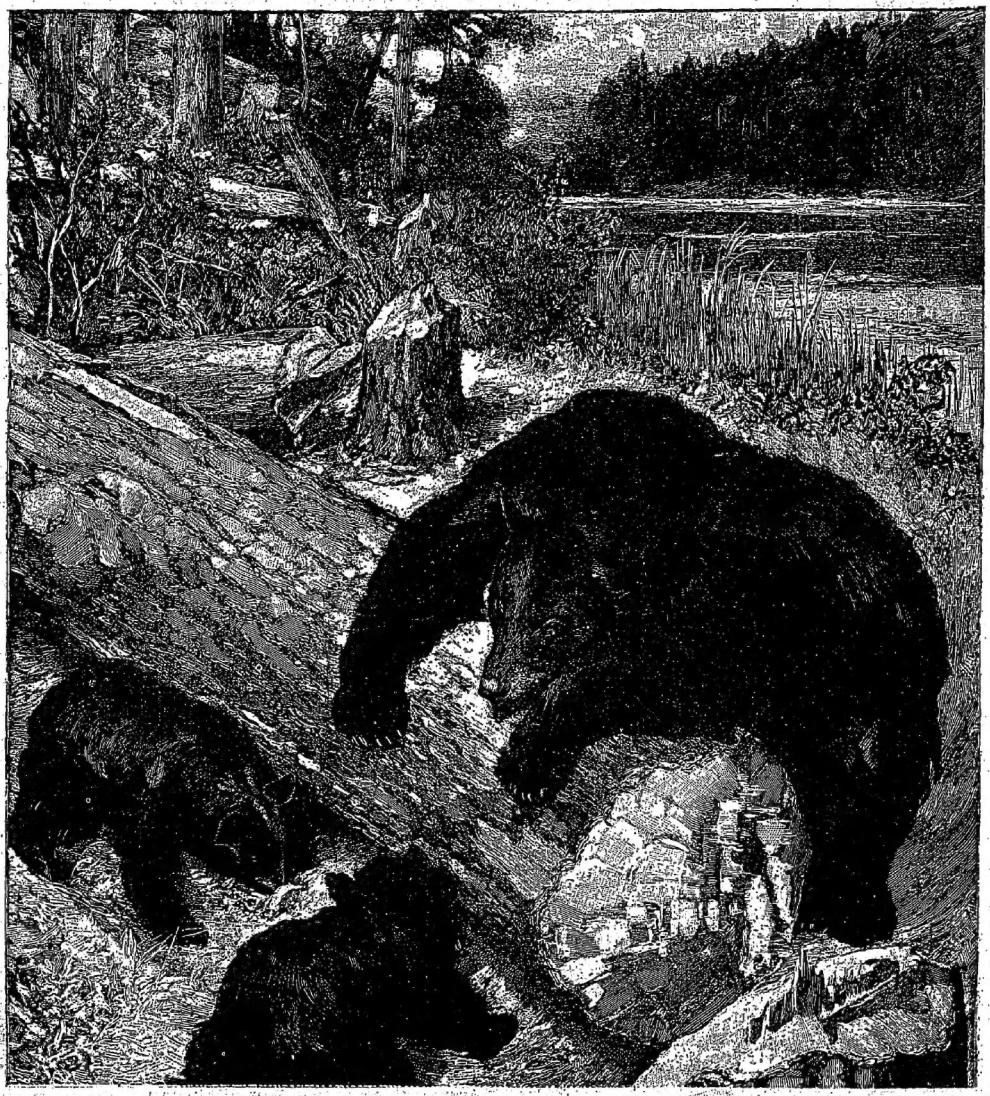


A BEAR AND CUBS LOOKING FOR BEETLES.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
JAN PORT PAID

A BEAR AND CUBS LOOKING FOR BEETLES.

The incident which our artist so graphically depicts, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, was witnessed by Colonel Parker Gilmore several years ago while on a hunting and fishing expedition in the State of Maine. He had been fishing all the morning on a small and lonely lake, when he had the pleasure of observing this exhibition of maternal care for her offspring shown by a bear. He says: "About noon the day became too still and bright for the fish to rise; so I sauntered into the adjoining forest, both for the sake of shelter and repose, when my reveries were abruptly broken by distinctly hearing the grunt of a bear. I at once placed my rod against a giant tree, and ascended to its branches to take a view of the surroundings. For some time I did not observe Bruin, but at length discovered a large mass of black fur, accompanied by two similar small ones, which turned out to be a giant she-bear and a brace of cubs, evidently engaged in search of food. The family party gradually got more and more in the open ground, thus ultimately affording me a free view of their operations. At length the largest beast commenced drawing broken portions of logs on one side, and there held them while the wee beasties feasted upon the beetles and grubs that thus became exposed to view. The strength displayed by the parent was wonderful to note, and caused me to feel what a poor chance a man would have in her embrace."

HARD TO DO.

Looking over the journals of old Father Ward, for many years a pastor in Ironburgh, a railway and mining centre of Pennsylvania, writes a correspondent, I came across a narrative which shows the difficulty of breaking the news of accidental death, and also reveals the fact that the roughest natures have in them true sympathy and tact. The engineer of whom Father Ward speaks was a well-known character in Ironburgh. He died two years ago. Father Ward was writing in his study one morning, when the bell rang and his wife came up to say that a rough-looking man wanted to see him. He went down at once, and there stood a railway engineer, evidently just off from a run. He was standing in the hall, and the minister asked him to come in and sit down.

"Much obliged, but I'd rather not," said the engineer. "I hain't time. Fact is, we run over a boy comin' in, and I thought maybe you wouldn't mind comin' down to see if you knew his folks and could break the news to 'em gentle like."

"Why, of course, I'll go at once." I went along with the messenger, asking questions as we walked hastily down to the tracks.

"How did it happen?"

"Well, that beats me. You know the big embankment this side the bridge? We were running by it, when the boy seemed to fall from the very top of it, rolled down to the track and under the engine wheels."

"Was he killed at once?"

I was dreading the whole affair, and especially the telling the news to his mother, whoever she might be.

"Yes; I don't think he was conscious when the train hit him. He was spared suffering. We picked him up, and when I reached the station at the end of my run I had him carried right into my house, and then I came up to see you. You remember when you came and broke the news of my Willie's sudden death to me, parson. It seemed to me then that if anybody could sympathize, you could."

I recalled the time when I had been obliged to go to this man and tell him of a distressing death in his own family, a death that had occurred while he was off on a long run.

The engineer spoke again, after a slight pause.

"Death is awful sudden sometimes. I hope you will be able to comfort the mother, parson. It will be a great blow to her."

"Yes, a great blow. How old was the boy?"

"About ten. A beautiful boy. Brown, curly hair and blue eyes. About the age of my Willie. You don't think, do you, parson, that you will dread too much to go and tell the mother that her boy is in heaven?"

"No; but of course I dread the duty. Think if it should be my own boy!"

"Yes; and of course it might be. Same as mine was taken sudden when I had no thought of it. We ought always to be ready, oughtn't we, parson?"

"Always," I answered, with a curious feeling of dread upon me. We had reached the house. There was a crowd about it. They parted silently and respectfully for us as we passed in. And even as I drew near the bed where the mangled form lay I did not realize what had actually happened.

My friend the engineer laid one hand on my shoulder as he drew a covering from off the face of the dead, and said, in tones of sympathy which nothing but his own sad loss could have taught him, "Parson, it's the hardest thing I ever had to do, and I've bungled about it, but God can help you and the mother to bear it."

And I looked into the face of the dead, and it was the face of my own boy!

I had forgotten that he was at play that morning with a neighbor near the embankment. In some way, we never learned how, he had fallen over. But to the day of my own death, come it soon or late, I shall never forget the feeling that came to my wife and myself when time had healed the wound of our loss—the feeling of kindred sympathy and tact which sorrow teaches even the roughest hearts to show to others in bereavement.

Those words, "God can help you and the mother to bear it," proved to me the value of my own consolations in the presence of the last grim enemy and of my own great loss.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE THIRTEENTH LESSON.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

It is well sometimes to break away from regular exercise, both at school and at home, and to substitute an exercise quite different from the usual routine. Perhaps it will not do any harm to ourselves or to our classes in Sunday-school if for once we suspend the lesson and give our attention to other things. For we are trying not only to fix a few principles firmly in those children's minds; we are trying to teach them a few habits.

The first question that naturally comes to the mind of many a teacher in regard to her class is, Does each of them pray daily?

In a class of any size we shall generally find a few, at least, whose only idea of prayer is that which they get from their teachers at Sunday-school. If we content ourselves with teaching them simply the Lord's Prayer, we lose a blessed opportunity of leading them for their individual "daily bread"—which means to them everything a child's wishes call for—to the loving Father, who is so anxious to gather each one of them closer. So a simple prayer taught by you may be the only personal link between a soul and God.

Do they read God's word? I sadly fear that the question would more properly be put in many cases, "Do they know what a Bible is? Is it honored or even read at home?" In many of our classes are children of foreign birth, whose education in English is far behind that of other children of their age, and who are slow of mind. If they had a Bible, they could not read it; neither probably, could the parents at home. To such the gift of a Bible would mean little as yet; but you can do much if you show them a Bible, a finely bound one if possible: tell them who is its author, why it was given, and then read a few verses of one of the dear old stories, with a promise that when he, too, can read, the child shall have a Bible of his own.

For the children who can read, but have not Bibles, can you not get at least a Testament or one of the Gospels? Then organize a Bible-reading band, pledged to read at least five verses each day. Detain them a moment after the others have gone, each Sunday, to find how many are keeping their pledge. If we can fix this habit, with that of daily prayer, we have done much.

Now a little talk with the children about the habit of regular attendance at church. Make it bright, breezy, as you will wish the sermons may be which they are to hear, and you will win many. Of course there will always be those who will say, "Mamma wouldn't let me come," or "couldn't get me ready." You have a good opportunity then to let them know that "mamma's" authority is higher than yours; suggesting, perhaps, that if mamma knew that the child really wanted to come, or would help to get herself ready, she might be willing another Sunday.

What about giving and earning money? Have we spoken of that lately? Who are trying to bring new scholars in? Who are trying to hunt up absentees?

Now, just a little heart-to-heart talk, asking, Are we really trying to be Christian children? In what way do Christian children differ from others? Are we trying to conquer temper, overcome temptation, to grow stronger as we grow older? Are we trying to help others along the way?

It is at such times that we can draw the little ones very near to the One who longs to take each one in His arms. We may not be able to teach many texts, in the short time for which they are under our care; but we may hope to form habits that may last for life, habits along the lines of which, as along the endless track of the railway, precious gifts may come to them from afar, gifts whose value only God can measure.—*Golden Rule.*

AIM HIGH.

Superintendents and teachers should be much concerned to reach the highest possible point in effectiveness. The personal salvation of every scholar should be the point aimed at. This is not aiming too high. Have faith in God.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20, 1892.

PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Acts 13:26-43.

COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent."—Acts 13:26.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 13:14-25.—Paul in Antioch.
T. Acts 13:26-43.—Paul's First Missionary Sermon.
W. Rom. 15:8-21.—Paul the Minister of the Gentiles.
Th. 2 Cor. 11:16-33.—In Labors Abundant.
F. Col. 1:14-29.—The Mystery Made Manifest.
S. Heb. 7:1-28.—The Eternal High Priest.
S. Rom. 5:1-21.—Justified by Faith.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Christ's Work of Redemption. vs. 26-31.
II. Glad Tidings Declared. vs. 32-37.
III. Forgiveness Preached. vs. 38-43.

TIME.—A.D. 48, not long after the last lesson; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.

PLACE.—Antioch in Pisidia.

OPENING WORDS.

From Paphos, Paul and Barnabas sailed to Perga in Pamphylia. Thence they went directly to Antioch in Pisidia, a journey of about ninety miles. At Antioch, they went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, and Paul delivered his first recorded sermon. This lesson is the concluding part of that sermon.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

26. *Children of the stock of Abraham*—descendants of Abraham, Jews. *Whosoever among you feareth God*—Gentiles, proselytes. *The word of this salvation*—the offer of life through faith in Jesus Christ. 27. *They*—the Jews. *Their rulers*—the Sanhedrin. *Knew him not*—did not recognize and receive him as the promised Messiah. 29. *They took him down*—Joseph and Nicodemus, both of whom were rulers. Matt. 27:57, 58. 33. *The second Psalm*—Paul here quotes three passages from the prophets which were fulfilled in the resurrection of Jesus: Psalm 2:7; Isa. 55:3; Psalm 16:10. 37. *Saw no corruption*—was raised from the dead. 40. *Beware*—take heed, lest by rejecting the Messiah you call down on yourselves judgments as fearful as those predicted by the prophets, and inflicted on our unbelieving fathers. Heb. 1:5-10.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—From what place did Paul and Barnabas start on their missionary tour? Trace their course to Antioch in Pisidia. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CHRIST'S WORK OF REDEMPTION. vs. 26-31.—What did Paul and Barnabas do at Antioch on the Sabbath day? What events of Jewish history did he first recount? What promise had God made to David? In whom was this promise fulfilled? Whom did Paul address in verse 26? What did he say was sent to them? What had the Jewish rulers done? What was fulfilled in this? What did they not find in Jesus? Whom did they ask to slay him? When he was taken from the cross where did they lay him? Did Jesus remain in the sepulchre? vs. 30. Who were witnesses of this?

II. GLAD TIDINGS DECLARED. vs. 32-37.—What glad tidings did Paul declare? In raising Jesus from the dead, what prophecies did God fulfil? What is the proof that this did not refer to David? What one alone who died saw no corruption? Why is the resurrection of Christ glad tidings to us?

III. FORGIVENESS PREACHED. vs. 38-43.—What is preached through the risen Christ? Who are justified by him? Of what are the Jews cautioned to beware? What request was made to the missionaries at the close of the synagogue service? Who followed Paul and Barnabas? What did the missionaries exhort them to do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The wicked wilfully misunderstand and pervert the Scriptures.
2. The resurrection of Jesus is the crowning proof of the Messiahship.
3. Only in Christ is there forgiveness of sin.
4. Full forgiveness is freely offered to all.
5. If we reject this offer we must perish.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Paul and Barnabas do in Antioch? Ans. They went into the synagogue and preached the gospel.
2. What did Paul say the Jewish rulers had done? Ans. They had fulfilled the Scriptures in putting Jesus to death.
3. How had God fulfilled the promise made to the fathers? Ans. In that he had raised up Jesus from the dead.
4. What glad tidings did Paul proclaim? Ans. Be it known unto you therefore, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.
5. How did Paul close his sermon? Ans. He warned his hearers that if they rejected the gospel offer they must perish.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27, 1892.

THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.—Acts 13:44-14:7.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 46-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles."—Acts 13:47.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 13:44 to 14:7.—Turning to the Gentiles.
T. Rom. 3:20-31.—Of the Gentiles Also.
W. Rom. 11:1-21.—Israel Not All Cast Off.
Th. Rom. 11:22-36.—Goodness and Severity.
F. Rom. 8:1-17.—Free from Condemnation.
S. Rom. 8:18-39.—All Things for Good.
S. Gal. 1:1-24.—By Revelation of Jesus Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Rejected by the Jews. vs. 44-47.
II. Received by the Gentiles. vs. 48-52.
III. Driven from Iconium. vs. 1-7.

TIME.—A.D. 48, summer and autumn; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.

PLACES.—Asia Minor, Antioch, the capital of Pisidia, and Iconium, a large city in Lycaonia, sixty miles south-east of Antioch in Pisidia; Lystra and Derbe.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

45. *Envy*—Revised Version, "jealousy." 46. *It was necessary*—God's plan required it. Luke 21:17. *Judge yourselves unworthy*—by their actions they had passed sentence upon themselves. 47. *So hath the Lord commanded*—Isa. 49:6. 48. *Ordained*—appointed. 51. *Iconium*—ninety miles south-east from Antioch. Ch. 14:1. *Greeks*—not Greek-speaking Jews, but Gentiles. 2. *The brethren*—the new converts, whether Jews or Gentiles. 3. *Long time*—probably several weeks, perhaps months. 5. *An assault*—a plan or purpose to assault. 6. *Lystra*—a city of Lycaonia, forty miles south of Iconium. *Derbe*—about twenty miles from Lystra.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. REJECTED BY THE JEWS. vs. 44-47.—Who came together on the next Sabbath? How did this affect the Jews? What did they do? How did Paul and Barnabas meet this opposition? What did they say? What had the Lord set them to be?

II. RECEIVED BY THE GENTILES. vs. 48-52.—How did the Gentiles feel when they heard this? What was the effect of the preaching? What success had the gospel in Pisidia? What did the Jews now do? With what effect? To what city did Paul and Barnabas go? In what state of mind did they leave the Pisidian Christians?

III. DRIVEN FROM ICONIUM. Ch. 14:1-7.—What did Paul and Barnabas do in Iconium? What effect did their preaching produce? What other effect followed their preaching? What plot was formed? How did the missionaries escape? What did they do then?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God never turns away from any until they first turn away from him.
2. Those who reject Christ show themselves unworthy of salvation.
3. The gospel will either make men better or worse—will be a savor of life or death to every one that hears it.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What took place on Paul's second Sabbath in Antioch? Ans. Almost the whole city came together to hear the word of God.
2. What did Paul say to the Jews when they opposed the gospel? Ans. Seeing ye judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.
3. What was the success of the gospel there? Ans. The word of the Lord was published throughout all that region.
4. What followed the preaching of the missionaries at Iconium? Ans. Multitudes both of the Jews and of the Gentiles believed.
5. How were they driven from Iconium? Ans. Their enemies were about to stone them and they fled to Lystra.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WISE SELFISHNESS.

Can a mother spend herself too freely for her children? Hundreds of thousands of good mothers all over the land will answer unhesitatingly: "*No! there is nothing too* much for a mother to do for her child." It is true; but, like all truths, it has its limitations. What does the wise mother desire for her child? Perfection of character. She wishes to guide and train it so that it may pass through this life a blessing to itself and to those with whom it comes in contact. *Can she do this by always* yielding to its desire for pleasure and personal comfort? By making its own ease the first thought, by removing every roughness from its path?

When the question is put to her she says: "No; of course not; no one would be so foolish as to expect it." And yet, when it comes to be a question between her gratification and her child's, does she not always put her own aside? The woman who sits in a darkened room, evening after evening, rocking her baby to sleep because the small tyrant will scream if she leaves it, is sowing seeds of selfishness. If, later, she tries to educate it more wisely, she has to trample down, or pull up, the weeds which ought never to have been allowed to sprout.

She owes the evening to herself and her husband, who has a right to some share of her time.

It always seems to me intensely sad to see faults in children which are the consequence of over-indulgence by those in authority over them. When a child speaks impertinently to his mother, or rudely to his brothers and sisters, when he lifts his hand to strike his mother, or persistently disobeys her, one knows without the need of long explanations that the early training *has been defective. Is there a sadder sight* than to see a young girl taking the best of everything for herself, to the utter disregard of the mother who has spent her life for her? The girl has been brought up to place herself first and her mother second in everything; she is scarcely to blame if she does it almost instinctively. Unless *she has a very noble nature she will do it* without any compunction.

If the family means are small, she must have the prettiest dress, the freshest ribbons, the most expensive hat. Her mother says: "Oh, it is no matter about me!" and the daughter echoes the sentiment, which should never have been uttered. When both cannot go on a pleasure trip it is the mother who stays at home, saying to herself: "Young people ought to have a good time: the cares of life come soon enough to us all!" She does not remember that the selfish spirit she is fostering is a bad preparation to meet them. If there is disagreeable work to be done the mother assumes it, because she cannot bear to see the pretty hands reddened. Household work should be a delight to a healthy girl, and one of her sweetest pleasures should be to spare and save her mother.

A little glycerine and rose water will make her hands smooth and soft, and there are harmless cosmetics which will restore her complexion. If she lets her mother overtask her strength while she stands idly by, she is laying up a store of remorse many tears will not wash away. She will not do this if, all her life, she has been accustomed to see her mother treated with deference, her tastes consulted, her advice sought, her wishes followed. She will feel that naturally a part of the burden should rest upon her strong, young shoulders, and shrink from the idea of allowing her mother to do anything she would consider it derogatory to do herself.

A mother does spend herself too freely for her children when she gives up her own rights to them, effaces herself so that they do not recognize her superior claims, makes it difficult for them to "honor" her, as the Fifth Commandment demands that they shall do.

It is a wise selfishness that makes the mother insist upon keeping her proper place in the family as the crown and centre of home, tenderly loving her children, serving them all in legitimate ways, but seeing that they take their fair share of the burdens of life, instead of weakly bearing them herself.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

BLESSINGS.

Dear sisters. How many of you on this lovely Sabbath morning are feeling discontented and unhappy because you cannot go to church, because of ill health, your distance from church, or the size of your family, maybe. Suppose you are ill, think if you have no blessings for which to be thankful, and if you are a Christian that is enough of itself to be thankful for. If there is no church near you, as in my own case, you may still have much to be thankful for. I have been to church once in fourteen months, but I have many other blessings.

My trust in God need not be stayed, nor need it vanish away, because I cannot go to church. I am thankful for the blessing of a good husband, children, home, good neighbors, first-class literature, and the privilege of playing and singing to God's praise, with my little ones about me *swelling the chorus. I have been com*pelled to stay at home from church and from visiting much by the size of my family, but it has never troubled me in the least. I remember a dear friend who came to me some years ago and begged me to join the W. C. T. U. I did so. Not long after, she came and asked me why I did *not attend the meetings. I told her I* could not without neglecting my little ones. She said, "We are disappointed in you; we had expected you would be one of our most earnest workers and meant to put you in as corresponding secretary.

I said, "My dear friend, I consider that you have no more zealous worker among you than myself. It is by no means necessary that we should attend every meeting to show our interest in the cause of temperance. Let every woman in the land bring up her little ones in a proper manner and there will be no need for temperance meetings, and, while I don't attend the meetings, I never leave a stone unturned to help the work along.

I further told her that when my little ones were large enough to leave alone there would be time enough for me to attend such meetings, but while they were small my life should be devoted to them. A few days after another friend came to me and asked, "Why don't you come to church any more?"

I said, "Let some of the good sisters who go to the church twice a day and to Sunday-school too, besides prayer-meeting twice a week, come just once a month and take care of my little ones and they will be doing God service in a most commendable manner, and I will show you how quickly I will go to church."

The Thursday night following a kind neighbor did come and care for my four little ones and I went to prayer-meeting. Twice I left them with my brother, and for one year that was the extent of my church going. When our little son was *eight months old he died, and how glad* I was that I had stayed at home and devoted my time to him and the rest of my little family.

A lady friend was mourning her inability to attend a quarterly meeting in the village in which she lived. A minister came to the door and asked for a drink of *water. She told him how badly she felt* at not being able to come out to the meeting. The minister replied, "My good sister, have you never thought that there were many ways of doing God service. Has it never occurred to you that this is the very work He has set you to do?"

She told me his words did her more good than all the meetings would have done, and that she never complained again. Many women complain of the continual routine of household labor, and the great care a family devolves upon them, never thinking that the life of a faithful wife and mother is the noblest life to live.—*The Housekeeper.*

HOW TO ENLARGE CLOTHES-CLOSETS.

How often people, especially the ladies, wish that they had larger clothes-closets. Too often houses are built in such a way that very little room is left for closets and the small apologies which are constructed, and which are fitted up with a single line of hooks around their limited sides makes the tidy housekeeper wish that she had been consulted when the plans for the house were drawn. It is usually quite out of the question to change the partitions after they are once settled, and the expedient of putting up a second line of hooks either above or below the first is apt to be very unsatisfactory, for the garments hung from the upper row will cover and conceal *those hung from the lower hooks.*

So much for the trouble; now for the remedy. While you cannot increase the wall space of the closet you can easily utilize the space between the walls. Fit a good wide board across one end of the closet, the side down, supporting it by cleats fastened to the walls or in any other convenient way, at *such a height that* you can walk under it and yet easily reach it. Then buy a couple of dozen wire hooks, iron or brass, about two inches long, with a screw cut on one end. They cost but a trifle and are very simple and neat. Take down your board and screw these hooks into the under side, putting them four or five inches apart. Then put the board back in its place and you will have two dozen more available hooks than you had before. And the beauty of the thing is that your garments will hang straight down and be easily reached, while by the old plan of multiplying side hooks the under-garments are out of sight and almost inaccessible. Even in a cottage chamber-closet with a slanting roof, a board may be fitted to follow up the slant and the hooks be set at such an angle that they will hang perpendicularly. This little device can be used in a hired house as well as in one of your own, and in either cases you will be surprised to find how much even a small closet will hold and how nicely your garments will hang. In small houses where closets are at a premium, these overhead hooks when once used will be found to be indispensable, and I am sure that in thousands of houses they will help to solve the problem of undersized and overcrowded clothes-closets.—*Josiah Keep, in New York Witness.*

ABOUT POTATOES.

To *Good Housekeeping*, we are indebted for the following suggestions about potatoes. They are from the pen of Maria Parloa. That *statement is commendation* enough.

How to Cook a Potato.—The prevailing opinion is that every one knows how to cook a potato—a doubtful certainty after finding a number of people who cannot, or do not, pare one creditably. Aside from the fact that the greatest amount of "mealiness" lies near the skin, the thrifty soul inspects half-inch parings with disapproval; nor will patches of skin left on here and there atone for the waste. A blunt table knife is not the proper instrument to use—let it be a small, sharply-pointed knife, to deal with deep-set eyes and awkward protuberances. New potatoes should be scraped whenever it is possible.

There is an art in boiling potatoes well. To cut them if they are not of uniform size; to have just enough water to cover, pouring off quickly at the right moment before they fall to pieces; these are some of the small things that insure success.

It is claimed that certain potatoes—the later-growing varieties—cook better if placed over the fire in cold water. This can be easily tested for one's self. Potatoes touched by the frost are slightly improved by so doing; and whatever their condition, it is a good plan to let them lie in cold water a short time before cooking.

Cold Boiled Potatoes.—There are many possibilities lurking in a dish of cold boiled potatoes. The descent of company need cause slight uneasiness when these are all ready in the pantry. A good way is to reserve some before mashing those wanted for dinner. Get a wire potato-masher; it will seem like mere play after having used an old-fashioned wooden one, and a flaky, creamy mass will reward dexterous handling.

The amount of milk, butter and seasoning given to mashed potatoes, depends on individual taste; and it is well for the cook to remember that what may easily be supplied at table cannot so easily be eliminated. Oversalting spoils hopelessly, and as milk is apt to turn sour, rendering unfit for use what might be made available for another meal, it is not well to add it unless the quantity prepared is only sufficient for the present. Whatever is left can be used in bread-making, for by its use bread is more nutritious, keeping fresh and sweet; or, to make a nice supper dish, mould the remainder into small flat cakes and fry in sweet lard. Dipped in beaten egg and cracker crumbs they are made richer—and less wholesome.

Fried Potatoes.—A potato will possibly *always be a potato but fried potatoes may* be several different things, varying with the intelligence of the cook. If, as some doctors declare "Mischief lurks in the frying pan," they probably mean in homes where the definition of the verb "to fry" is "to soak in grease." The vegetable we present suffers heavily in the general condemnation. *Given the conditions* of pure lard, and a hot fire to insure a quick browning, the capabilities for harm are somewhat lessened; but it is a pity that in so many kitchens the sphere of the potato is narrowed, vibrating only from boiled to fried with monotonous regularity. The same potatoes, thinly sliced and placed in an earthen dish, each layer covered with a single sprinkle of flour, together with bits of butter, a seasoning of onion, salt and pepper, and the whole nearly covered with milk, will, after two hours' baking in a hot oven, come forth a tempting-looking, wholesome dish.

Stewed Potatoes.—For six people use two quarts of thin-sliced raw potatoes, three ounces of fat bacon, half a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one even teaspoonful of salt. Use a deep pudding dish that can be placed on the table. Have the bacon cut in thin slices, and spread about one-third of it on the bottom of the dish. Sprinkle the onion over this, and then put in one quart of the sliced potatoes. Over them sprinkle half of the salt and pepper, then put in the rest of the potatoes, and sprinkle over them the remainder of the salt and pepper. Lay the remaining slices of bacon on the potatoes and moisten the whole with four table-*spoonfuls of water. Cover the dish closely,* and put in a moderately hot oven. Bake for half an hour; at the end of that time take off the cover, and cook for twenty minutes longer. The top slice of bacon should be crisp and brown at the end of that time.

SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE BLANC MANGE.—One quart of boiling milk, one-half cup of rice flour rubbed smooth, powered sugar to taste. Boil till thick; when cold add one teaspoon of vanilla. Pour in a mold. Set on ice. Sauce.

SWELLED RICE PUDDING.—One quart of skimmed milk or half water, one-half cup rice, two tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt. Bake *slowly for two hours, covered, then uncover and* brown. It will be a creamy mass and delicious to the taste. Serve it without sauce.

RYE BREAD.—Make a sponge of one quart of warm water, one teacup of yeast thickened with rye flour. Put in a warm place to rise over night. Scald one pint of corn meal; when cool add to the sponge. Add rye flour until thick enough to knead, but knead it but little; let rise, mold into loaves, place in deep tins, let rise and bake.

SPANISH ONIONS, SCALLOPED.—Peel and slice the onion and parboil it in milk and water for a short time. Pour off the water, put the onions in a dish with alternate layers of bread-crumbs and butter; and salt and pepper to taste. Bake about half an hour and serve in the dish in which it was baked. Ordinary onions are nice cooked in this way.

TRY A POULTICE of tea leaves as a cure for burns and scalds. Pour boiling water over the tea, and as soon as the leaves are softened, apply *the poultice while warm; cover with cotton bat*ting, and the pain will be ended almost instantly. It was discovered by Dr. Searles, of Wisconsin, and has since proved efficacious in severe cases of burning, and it is so simple!"

FRIED APRICOTS OR PEACHES.—Drain a can of apricots or peaches in a colander. Have ready a kettle of fat as for frying crullers. Beat two eggs in a dish. Have a plate of dry flour. Roll the apricots in the flour, dip quickly in the egg, then again in the flour, and drop immediately into the smoking hot fat. When a delicate brown drain from the fat, lay on paper, dust with pulverized sugar, and serve.

CREAM SAUCE.—One pint of thin cream, one large tablespoonful of flour and salt to taste. Put the cream over the stove in a basin, let it come to a boil, have the flour mixed smooth with some of the cold cream saved out: stir the flour in when boiling, and let it cook two or three minutes. This is very nice for fish or vegetables.

EGGS IN NESTS ON TOAST.—For six nests use six eggs. Separate the two parts of the eggs, putting the whites into a bowl, and keeping the yolks whole by letting them remain in the half-shells until the time comes for using them. Put a teaspoon of salt with the whites, and beat until a stiff froth is formed. Toast slices of bread, and, after dipping the edges or crust in hot water, spread them with butter and place them on a tin sheet or pan. Heap the whites of the beaten eggs on the toast in a kind of round shape, making a depression in the centre of each round. Then put one-fourth of a teaspoon of butter in each depression and drop the yolks into the hollows. Then place the pan in a moderate oven and cook for three minutes, or so. Serve immediately in a warm dish.

The Family Circle.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"My day is dippin' i' the west, 'tis gloomin' wi' me noo;
I hear the sough o Jordan's wave that I maun travel thro'.
Yet 'tis na' Jordan's wave I fear, nor tremble at the strife,
But oh, this sunderin' o' hearts—this ken'n o' wean and wife.

"What tho' we ken o'better days, a fairer warl' abuno
Where lost frien's are awaiting us, an' a' maun follow suno.
This rendin' o' the siller strings that tether heart to heart,
Oh it tries puir human nature sair, an' makes us faith to part.

"Gae rax me by the Bible wife while yet I'm fit to see,
Ere death creep o'er my cauld rifo bouk an' flap my failin' e'e.
An' let us sing a parting sang before we sundered be,
For ye canna hae me lang noo, I ha' nae lang to dree.

"There, put the pillow to my back an' ease me up a wee,
An' bring them a' to my bedside to see their father dee;
Noo raise the Bible up a thocht, its ower laigh on my knee,
An' shift the light a kennen back, its ower strong for my e'e."

He wail'd, he sang the parting sang, his voice was firm and clear,
And read the fourteenth o' St. John, nor did he shed a tear.
Sae is it wi' the man o' God when life's day's darg is dune,
Nae future fears distrub his mind, nae ruefu' looks behin'.

"Oh, but it gaes me great relief, the singin' o' that sang,
My clay is crumblin' fast awa', my spirit noo grows strang;
My wife, my weans, wo a' maun part, sae dinna sab sae sair,
But dight the tears frae off your face and let us join in prayer.

"An' let us join in prayer to Him that's wantin' me awa',
That he may be a faithfu' frien' and father to ye a'."
He turned his glazing e'e to heaven and raised his withered hand,
Noo safely thro' auld Jordan's wave he's reached the better land.

THE OLD MINISTER'S GIRL.

Selectman Grover was driving slowly along the sandy river road, on his way home from the funeral of the Rev. Joseph Wardwell. He turned partly round on his waggon seat to talk with farmer Harriman, who had been one of the dead minister's bearers, and was now jogging homeward two or three rods behind the selectman.

"I guess it'll be kind o' hard sleddin' for the old minister's fam'ly," Mr. Grover remarked.

"'Twill, no mistake," said Harriman. "I never was in a much barer, destitute-lookin' house. Did you know them chairs was brought clear over from John Bird's? Didn't look as if there's much in the way o' victuals round there, either, did there now?"

"No, there didn't," assented the selectman. "I'd no idee before, that was such a poor, cold, little house. Wa'n't room enough to swing a cat; and from where I sot I could see right out-door through the cracks. Don't see how they've ever kept warm these winters!"

"Wal, I don't. Let's see; Jock Melcher owns the place, don't he?"

"Jest the same's owns it. Jock's had a mortgage on it more'n fifteen year. He'd 'a' foreclosed long ago if the place had been wuth the cost o' the proceedin's. Jock don't let anything wuth while slip through his fingers."

"I'll bet he don't. Trust him for keepin' hold o' the dollars. But there's twenty or thirty acres of land goes with the place, aint there?"

"Believe there is; but the more a man had of sech land's that, the wuss off he'd be. Sandy—not a mite o' strength in it. A rabbit couldn't get a livin' on it; nothin' on it but brakes an' old pine stumps.'

"Yas. It used ter make me feel bad to see parson Wardwell's garden-patch. Once as I was drivin' by I stopped to talk with him; and he said he was in hopes the blessin' of the year would rest on his efforts. 'Parson,' says I, 'the blessin' needs a little dressin' behind it.' Haw! haw! haw! But I don't see how they lived there so long."

"Wal, he drawed a little something by way of preacher's aid from the conference since he failed up preachin'; fifty dollars a year, I've heard. That helped 'em a little, I s'pose. But his wife is a poor, pale-lookin' old lady, ain't she? And that Henry; d'ye ever see such a pindlin'-lookin' boy! What ails him?"

"Heard he got his back hurt, somehow, slidin' downhill over at Wrenham, the last circuit the old minister travelled on. That's some time ago. He must be eighteen or nineteen years old. Never'll come to anything, I guess."

"Likely he won't. That girl, though, is pert and smart enough."

"So she is. Don't know what her name is; the boys and girls round call her 'Stubby,' she's so kind of short and thick. Was always trottin' round out-door with the old minister, ye know."

"Droll thing, ain't she?" said the selectman; "kind of a romp?"

"Wal, she's a go-ahead, good-natured thing, always on the grin and up to somethin' or 'nother. Come to my house to see my girls one day last summer. Had a basket with a salt codfish in it. She'd been down to the village with a dozen eggs. Walked all the way, five miles. But she wa'n't so tired but that she went flyin' around to play with my girls.

"They rumpussed round out to the barn and found a hen's nest with ten or a dozen eggs in it. Stubby come bringin' 'em to the house in her hat. I'd come in from the field, hosin', a few minutes before, and set down on the door-step to drink a dipper of sweetened water; 'twas an awful hot afternoon.

"As she went by me, Stubby grinned and held up one of the eggs and shook it at me and said, 'What'll you bet, Mr. Harriman, I can't make that egg stand up straight on the end, alone, on that bare table, with nothing touchin' it?'

"'I didn't know ministers' girls ever bet,' says I to her.

"'Did I say I was going to bet?' says Stubby. 'I asked you what you'd bet.'

"'I guess you can't do it,' said I to her; for I liked to hear her talk. 'If you'll make that egg stand up alone,' says I, 'I'll give you all you've got in your hat.'

"Wal, she down with her hat of eggs in a jiffy, and then begun to shake that egg; she shook it and shook it and struck it into the palm of her hand till she mixed the yelk and the white all together. But when she set it big end down on the table, that egg stood as straight as a major.

"'Yum, yum!' says Stubby, twinkling her eye to me: and then she whopped that salt fish out of her basket and packed in the eggs.

"'Jest let me leave my fish here till I come back along,' said she, and put for the village again with them eggs, though 'twas getting towards night then.

"Jest at dark she come streakin' it back along, and called to get her fish. She had bought three pounds of rice with the last eggs.

"'Let me know when you want to see another egg stand alone, mister,' she said to me, as she left with the fish. Haw! haw! haw!"

"Most a doubt if they get the conference aid any longer, now the old minister is dead, ain't it?" remarked the selectman.

"S'pose so. They may send the widder a little something. But she can't get through this next winter alone there, I'm sartin on't. Have to call on the town, I s'pose."

"I s'pose so," remarked the selectman. "But it does seem 's if we'd got about all the paupers we can handle now."

Mr. Grover knit his brows and wrinkled up his nose after a manner he had when he was not well pleased. He touched up his mare, and the two farmers went on a little faster for some moments. Then he turned on his waggon seat again.

"Sometimes it seems to me, Harriman," said he, "that the Lord don't take very good care of his old sarvants."

"P'raps he's holdin' back a little to see if them that they've sarved won't do somethin'," replied Harriman, with a hard, brown grin on his weathered visage

"Um! Mebbe!" grumbled the selectman, and whipped up again.

The old minister's family was, indeed, in "hard sledding"—harder even than their immediate neighbors knew. Scarcely a fortnight had gone by after the funeral before actual hunger began to pinch the occupants of the poor little cottage on the sandy lot by the river. They had a little corn-meal in store, and got an occasional egg from their small flock of fowls, which picked up *their own living out of doors.*

The widow was both ill and despondent; and from morning till evening the weak-backed Henry sat in his chair by the window.

"Stubby" did almost all that was done. She might even have earned wages, away from home,—for she was now thirteen,—but that her presence and services were really needed there by the two invalids.

"Folks never do really starve to death in this free and glorious country, do they, Marmy Sarah?" she asked, meditatively, one morning about this time. It was one of her odd ways to address half-playfully, half-affectionately, her brother as "Poor Henry boy," and her mother as "Marmy Sarah." She had called her father "Papa Joe" in the same affectionate fashion.

Mrs. Wardwell had no reply to make to this inquiry.

"Still," continued Stubby, "the hens didn't lay an egg yesterday; and all we've got to eat this morning is a corn-cake."

For fuel with which to bake the corn-cake that morning Stubby had gathered up all the chips in the yard, and broken up with an old axe what stray sticks and remains of fence-poles she could find in the vicinity. After their scanty breakfast she went out and looked around in the frosty morning sunshine.

"Something's got to be done for a wood-pile," she soliloquized. "It's quite a responsibility to have a family on one's hands. I didn't used to realize it when father was alive."

She got the old axe and looked at its battered edge.

"Awful dull," she said. "But it won't be so likely to cut my feet. There isn't any wood-lot, but there's some old pine stumps out there. I suppose I've got to tackle one of them this morning.

"O Papa Joe," she continued, after a half-plaintive, half-whimsical manner peculiar to her, "do you really look down now and see what a fix we are in? I most hope you don't," she added, as she went through the dry, frosty brakes toward a large stump, "'cause it would only make you feel bad. But if you are looking down on us, Papa Joe, just you see Stubby tackle this stump now!"

She "tackled" it valiantly; and good hard blows resounded across the barren field for some time.

"Smells good," she said to herself, stopping to rest. "I like the smell of pine. How dry it is, and what fat, red pitch-wood there is in these big side roots."

Again she belabored the old stump, resting at intervals and smelling the fresh split chips and slivers. Then she carried two armfuls to the house. It was hard work, and Stubby perspired.

"If I wasn't such a homely little fright, I don't know but I should have to marry a millionnaire," she soliloquized, going to the stump for the last armful. "Supporting a family is hard work; but I've got enough wood to last till to-morrow, I guess; and now I'm going fishing."

Stubby was already a practised fisherman, and owned a hook, line and pole of her own "rigging." She caught a few dormant grasshoppers which the morning sun was beginning to thaw to a feeble semblance of crawling life, and went to the river bank. It was a poor fishing-ground, as the girl well knew, and all her efforts yielded but three small perch.

"If I could only haul out a big bass, or a pickerel, what a meal it would make us!" she sighed. "But somehow a girl never can catch big fish."

With pole on her shoulder she climbed the bank and started toward home, avoiding a bend of the river and crossing first the pasture and then the fields of their nearest neighbor, Mr. Bird. The farmer had lately harvested his potatoes; and as Stubby crossed the field with her small string of fish she espied a potato half-hidden in one of the little mounds of fresh earth which the hoes of the diggers had drawn from the "hills."

She picked it up, and then looking about more carefully, discovered another.

"Now this couldn't be called stealing, could it?" she said to herself. "Mr. Bird's folks have dug the potatoes, and left the field to itself. These would rot and freeze. It's just like Ruth gleaning Boaz's fields, isn't it? There's pretty near a famine in the land, too, I kind of guess!"

(To be Continued.)

HOW THE DIKE WAS SAVED

On the northernmost part of the *main-land of* Holland there is a point extending nine miles, unprotected by any natural barrier from the sea. More than three hundred years ago the Hollanders undertook the gigantic task of raising dikes of clay, earth and stone; and now behind the shelter of the embankment numerous villages and towns are safe from their powerful enemy the sea. The spire of Alkmaar, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, is on a level with the top of the dike. A master is appointed to oversee the workmen constantly employed in watching the dikes. A century ago, one November night, a fierce gale was blowing from the north-west, and was increasing in fury every minute. The dike-master had planned to go to Amsterdam. It was the time of spring tide. He thought of the dike. Shall he give up his pleasant trip to Amsterdam? The dike! The urgency of his visit is great. But the dike! Inclination against duty. It is six o'clock. The tide turns and rises. But at seven o'clock the stage starts for Amsterdam. Shall he go? A struggle; his inclination is to go; his duty is to remain. He looked up at the wild and fast increasing storm, and he decided to go with all speed to his post.

When he reached the dike the men, two hundred in number, were in utter and almost hopeless confusion. The storm had risen to a hurricane. They had used up their store of hurdles and canvas in striving to check the inroads of their relentless foe. Then they shouted: "Here's the master! Thanks be to God! All right now." The master placed every man at his post; and then a glorious battle commenced—the battle of men against the furious ocean. About half-past eleven the cry was heard from the centre, "Help! help!" "What's the matter?" "Four stones out at once." "Where?" "Here."

The master flung a rope around his waist, four men did the same. Forty hands held the ends of the ropes as the five glided down the sloping side of the dike. The waves buffeted them and tossed them, bruising their limbs and faces; but they closed the breach and were then drawn up. Cries for help were issuing from all quarters. "Is there any more canvas?" "All gone." "Any more hurdles?" "All gone." "Off with your coats, men, and use them for canvas!" shouted the master, throwing off his own. There they stood, half-naked, in the rage of the November storm.

It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock. Only half an inch higher and the sea will rush over the dike, and not a living soul will be left in all North Holland. The coats are all used up. The tide has yet to rise till midnight. "Now, my men," said the master, "we can do no more. Down on your knees, every one of you, and wrestle with God." Two hundred men knelt down on the trembling dike, amid the roar of the storm and the thunder of the waves, and lifted up their hands and hearts to him who could say to the waves: "Be still." And as of old he heard them, and saved them out of their trouble. The people of Alkmaar were eating and drinking, dancing and singing, and knew not that there was but a quarter of an inch between them and death. A country was saved by one man's decision for duty.—*Children's Record.*

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

A memorable sermon, remarked *Frank Leslie's Weekly* at the time, was preached by a notable clergyman at the fashionable Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in New York City on Sunday evening, the 14th February. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst; and his sermon, from the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth," was an arraignment of this city's governing body and its administrative methods which has stirred official circles to their very depths.

Dr. Parkhurst, besides being a clergyman of marked individuality and established influence, is the successor of the late Dr. Howard Crosby as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He was born in Framingham, Mass., in 1842, was graduated at Amherst in 1866, studied theology at Halle in 1869, and at Leipsic in 1872-'3. He was principal of the Amherst high school in 1867, and professor in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., in 1870-'1. In 1874 Dr. Parkhurst was pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Mass., whence he was called to the pulpit which he now occupies—that of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Parkhurst is one of the most advanced thinkers in the Presbyterian pulpit, and has been prominent in the movement for the revision of the Confession of Faith. He has been among the foremost champions of Professor Charles A. Briggs, during the controversy over the views of the latter as to "the higher criticism," and one of his sermons, preached in his own pulpit about the time of the meeting of the last Presbyterian General Assembly, almost precipitated a collision in that body between the friends and the opponents of the Union professor. Dr. Parkhurst is a man of absolute fearlessness in the maintenance of his convictions, and he is, at the same time, deeply spiritual in his thought and life. He has a wonderfully vivid, clean cut, and forcible style of expression; every word hits the mark.

The discourse which proved such a startling valentine to our vulnerable city officials is not the first from Dr. Parkhust's pulpit to stir this community. Never before, however, has he launched so outspoken and effective a denunciation upon the rulers of "this rum-besotted and Tammany-debauched town." On this occasion he deals with notorious facts coupled with prominent names, not omitting that of the mayor himself, and uses illustrations derived from his personal experience in the local crusade against vice. The real attitude of the present city government towards the prosecution of places of evil resort is thus tersely stated: "Every step that we take looking to the moral betterment of this city has to be taken directly in the teeth of the damnable pack of administrative bloodhounds that are fattening themselves on the ethical flesh and blood of our citizenship;" and this characterization is sustained by explicit citations.

In conclusion, Dr Parkhurst insists that we have got to have a better city, a better world, and hints that some of our clergymen might, if they chose, contribute more actively to that end.

THE AVALANCHE.

"Hark! what is that?"

The speaker, who was a woman about the middle age of life, at work in the common apartment of a Swiss dwelling, suddenly paused at her occupation, and with a pale face and quivering lips, gazed around on her children, who, at these signs of alarm, gathered in terror to her side.

"Hark!" she said again, as one of the little ones began to cry. "Be still, on your life, till I listen." And she held up her finger.

There was a dead silence at these words—a dead silence, we mean, within the room; for without was heard a hollow, ominous sound of awful significance.

"It is an avalanche," cried the eldest of the children, a lad of about fifteen summers, breaking the stillness. "Quick, mother, fly."

The mother instinctively snatched the hand of her youngest child, and turned towards the door, the whole family following her.

"Oh! if your father was but here," she said, as with hurried steps she crossed the room. "What shall we do? If the avalanche is near we shall be overwhelmed; or, if we even escape at first, we shall be lost on the mountain; for I know none of the paths."

In truth the tender mother was overpowered, for the moment, by the responsibility of her situation. But, at this juncture, her son came to her relief.

"Never fear, mother," he said, like a young hero. "If we only escape being buried, I'll find a path, for I've not been out with father for nothing."

As he spoke he flung open the door, and courageously stepped forth the first. His glance was immediately directed to the right, where the Alpine summit rose usually distinctly defined, high into the heavens. But now the outlines of the mountain were lost in a white, shadowy mist, that rushing rapidly downward, seemed as if it would, the next moment envelope the dwelling in its fatal embraces. Too well he knew what that awful cloud portended. It was the avalanche!

"Run, run for your lives," he cried, and pushing his mother and her children out, as he spoke, he leaped after her like a young chamois.

THE REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

The terrified family needed no incentives, however, to flight. Even the youngest comprehended the imminency of the peril, and all breathlessly rushed down the slope.

Suddenly the lad heard the bleating of sheep. He had forgotten, until thus reminded, that the flock, their almost sole support, was penned up, and would be overwhelmed if left to themselves. But if he delayed to release them his own life might pay the forfeit. Every second was precious. He hesitated still, when there came another bleat. The piteous cry went to his heart. Every one of that flock had eaten often from his hand, and most of them he had carried in his arms when they were lambs. Without a word he turned back, and rushed up the slight ascent that led to their shelter. The sheep, crowding together at the door, looked up at him so gratefully, that he felt repaid fully for the peril he had run. As he threw open the way for them they rushed out and fled down the slope.

Hitherto his mother had not looked back. But, at this moment, turning her eyes round to see if all her children were safe; she recognized her son standing at the door of the pen, and the foremost sheep just leaping through. She stopped on the instant, with a cry of despair.

"We are lost, we are lost!" she cried. "Oh! my son, how could you peril everything?"

But the lad, even as she spoke, came bounding down the hill.

"On, on! Not a moment is to spare, I can still outrun you all. To the left, or you are lost."

It was an awful moment. Poised on high, like some enormous mountain gathering impetus as it descended, the avalanche hung overhead. Then, with the rush of a whirlwind, down it came, carrying stones and even rocks with it.

For an instant the fugitives disappeared from sight. Nothing, indeed, was seen but a thick, impervious mist, as it were, of flakes of snow infinitely fine. Gradually this floated past, like a fog driving down a mountain side, and then the voice of the lad rose in a clear, loud and joyous hallo.

It was answered out of the mist ahead, by the voice of his mother; and immediately afterward, she, with her little ones, became visible. The avalanche was still heard thundering downward, but below them; and they saw at a glance that the danger was past.

They had been saved, indeed, almost by a miracle. The lofty and nearly perpendicular cliffs, by which their dwelling was surrounded, here afforded, for about a hundred yards, a sheltered corner, caused by the overhanging brow of a precipice. The avalanche, in its descent, had passed on both sides of this ledge, carrying everything before it that it met on its way. Had the fugitives been a minute later, or a minute earlier, they would have been in its path. The generous act of the lad, in pausing to relieve the helpless flock, had in reality saved the lives of all.

He saw it—his mother saw it—and they looked at each other. The same sentiment moved the heart of each, though it found words only at the mother's lips.

"It is the hand of God, my children," she said solemnly, falling on her knees. "To Him be all praise!"

An hour after, the fugitives were safe in a neighbor's cottage, having found an old path which had escaped the track of the avalanche.—*Alliance News.*

A TRAVELLING BOOK.

A remarkable incident has just come to my knowledge which may prove of interest to others than myself. I received a letter from a town in Java, written by one of the Bible society's colporteurs. He states that, in the course of his visits, he called at the house of a Chinese jeweller. In order to induce the man to buy the Scriptures he read some verses from the gospels.

A little girl, daughter of the jeweller, who was listening, exclaimed "Father has bought several books like that," and ran off to fetch a bundle which was hanging by a string from a nail in the wall, which she then handed to the colporteur. Upon untying the bundle he found to his astonishment my name on the fly-leaf of one of the Portions.

He has kindly sent me the little book, and I at once recognized both the writing and the book. It is an edition of the Psalms in French, which I bought in Cannes in 1879. Whether it was lost or given away I cannot remember, but how it travelled from France to Krekot in Java is an insoluble mystery.

There is an encouragement in this fact. It shows how strangely these Scripture Portions penetrate into the remotest regions. They have been found recently in the furthest corners of Mongolia and Manchuria, places previously unvisited by any European. And where found, the promise has been fulfilled, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light. It giveth understanding to the simple."—*W. M. Pauli, in Friendly Greetings.*

A SOFT ANSWER.

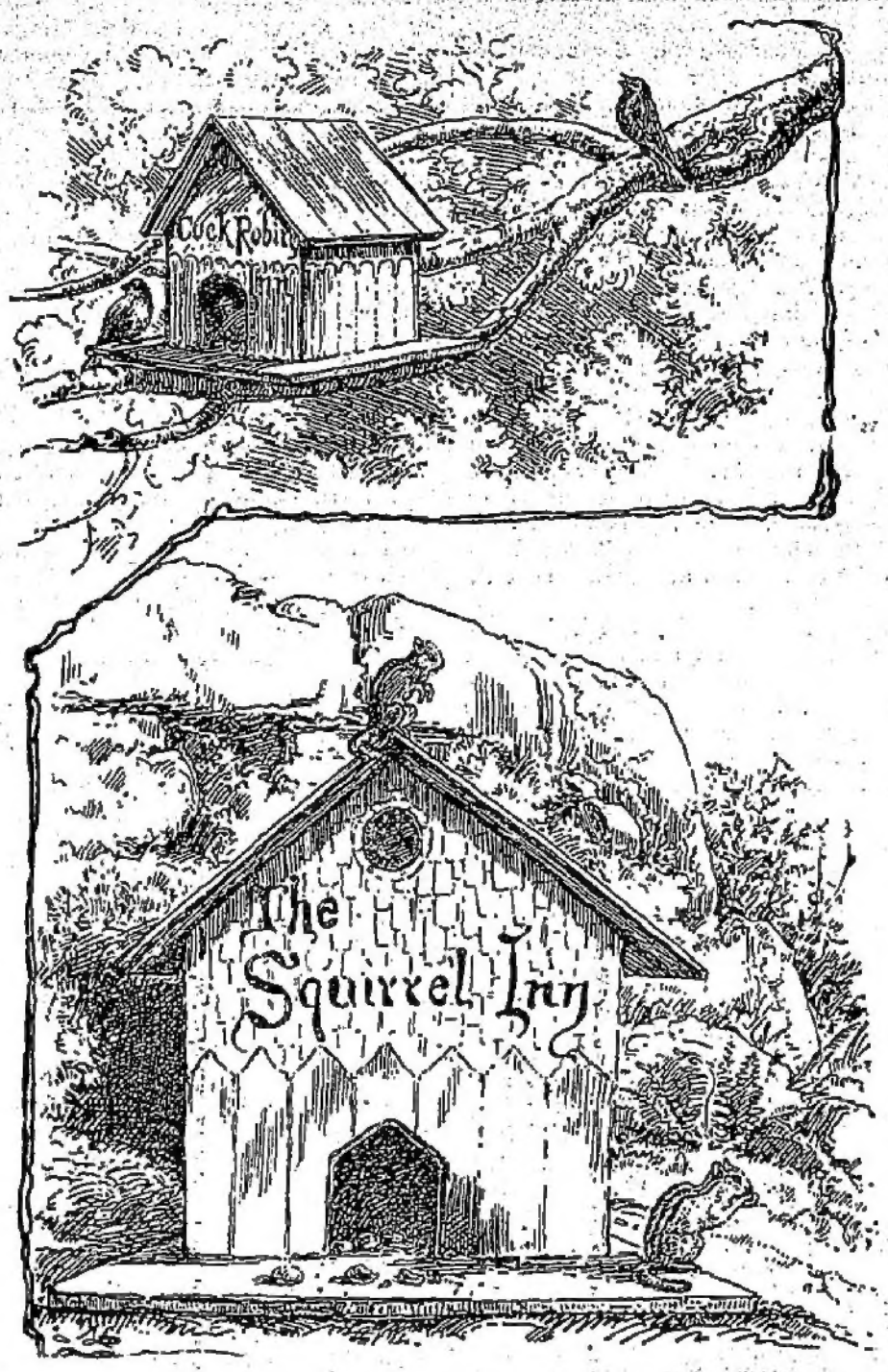
A characteristic incident in the life of Gilmour of Mongolia has just been related by a Chinaman, whom it was the means of bringing to Christ. Some years ago business took him to Mongolia. One day he was in an eating-house at Ta Ch'eng tsz, when a foreigner came in and took a seat. His appearance gave occasion to another man present to abuse him, calling him "foreign devil," and accusing him of stealing human hearts and eyes. Mr. Gilmour took no notice, although this was not the first time the man had thus treated him. By this time the landlord thought it time to interfere, and threatened to beat the aggressor, as he would not have a good customer driven away. He was proceeding to carry out his threat when Mr. Gilmour restrained him. "But," said the eating-house keeper, "the man has abused you these three days." "Oh, devil. I am not a devil. I am Ching Ya Ko (his Chinese name). He has abused those who steal hearts and eyes. But I have never done these things, so that he must be abusing some other person." From that time the Chinaman who witnessed the scene was persuaded there must be something in a religion which could lead a man to bear insults in such a manner. The keeper of the eating-house also then and there decided to become a Christian, and was afterwards baptized.—*Presbyterian.*

MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.

A paper in the *S.S. Times* on Christian Endeavor missionary meetings, gives the following list of leaflets which should be preserved for reference.

The Baptist Board, Tremont Temple, Boston, gave us "The Voices of the Women," "The Responsibility of Not doing," and many other good ones. From the Methodist Board, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, came "Why Our Society Did Not Disband." The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1 Congregational House, Boston, helped with "O. P. J." "A Story of the Bees." American Home Missionary Society, Bible House, New York, sent "Your Side, My Side, and the Other Side of Giving." "Little Corners" came from 99 Washington Street, Chicago, "Yes, You Do, Lucindy." "Hobsaha," "Trifling with a Great Trust," "Uncle Dan's Prayer," from 53 Fifth Avenue, New York; "The Social Element in Missionary Work" came with "Bright Spots in a Dark Subject" from 48 McCormick Block, Chicago, the Presbyterian Board of the North-west; from 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, came "A Little Heart and How it Grew." The Dutch Reformed Church, 26 Reade Street, New York, aided us with "The Man with the Wonderful Books" and "How Hindu Christians Give," while the Lutheran Board, 2319 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, gave us "Twenty Questions," of which each ten had a copy. All these cost not more than two cents apiece. The United Society of Christian Endeavor furnished us with "A Portfolio of Programmes."

If I were missionary chairman, I would at once send to each board for a catalogue of all their leaflets. Space forbids any more here, and, "the half hath not been told."



THE TWO INNS.

In a beautiful park on a mountain-side there are two houses in which I am interested, for they were built by a friend of mine for some friends of mine.

They were built by the boy of our family, for our dear friends, the birds, the chipmunks and the squirrels.

They were the owners of these lovely great mossy boulders and silver waterfalls and tall trees before we came and built our cottage here, so we are going to be as kind to them as we know how to be.

When the rocks were blasted and the hammers and saws at work, they all went away, but now they are back again, and the birds come in at our windows, and the chipmunks run across the veranda and look at us with curious, bright eyes, and are not afraid.

Our boy has his "carpenter's shop" behind the lattice-work of the basement, and there he made first a house for the robins, or any of their cousins that might like to take a cottage, rent free for a season. He stained the roof and veranda a rosy red, and the parts between a yellow-brown; and upon the front gable was painted the name, "Cock Robin Inn."

The next house was twice as large as the one I have described, but made and stained very much like it, only on the front was another name, "The Squirrel Inn."

Our boy tells me this is "for weary chipmunks and travelling squirrels."

This little inn has been placed a few feet away from our cottage. Sometimes it has been placed on a great moss-covered rock, but just now it stands on a stump that the chipmunks have often made their speeches from.

Some nuts are temptingly strewn on the veranda, and there are more inside. This inn is not a trap. It has a back door as well as a front door, and they are always open, so that our friends, who do not always agree, may have a way of escape in time of need.

The inn is a new idea to them, and they are shy about entering, but another season we hope they will become accustomed to it, and enjoy its hospitality.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN OLD SELFISHNESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

When Sarah Davis and her sister Nannie were children, dolls' tea-sets were scarcer than they are now. Only one of their playmates had one, and she was the doctor's daughter, and had a New York aunt, who was reported as fabulously wealthy, to send it to her. Even in her case those dainty little dishes, with their rosebuds and lines of gilding, were stowed away carefully on the top shelf of the china closet, and never played with except on great and rare occasions.

Sarah and Nannie drank tea out of those fairy cups once when the doctor's daughter was eight years old, and had some company to celebrate her birthday, and they never forgot it. The day after the party they looked rather disdainfully on the bits of broken crockery which served them for dishes.

"S'pose mamma had to use some great giant's broken-up plates instead of whole ones, guess she wouldn't like it," said Nannie. She was the younger, a little round-faced, black-eyed girl.

Still the children were contented enough in the main with their make-believe dishes. Their childish fancy was quite active enough generally to make amends for such discrepancies. They had an old salt box with shelves rigged in it for a cupboard, and there they stored away their precious fragments. The shelves were divided between them, and each had her own "dishes." There was not much choice between the two lots. Mrs. Davis had insisted on as equal a division as possible of all this booty from china closet and pantry. A bit of beautiful blue china on Nannie's shelf was offset by a richly gilded fragment on Sarah's, and so on. The children were amicable about the partition of valuables, although Sarah occasionally was a little envious and vacillating, and inclined, finally, to think that Nannie had the better.

Every new treasure to swell their store was hailed with the greatest delight. Sarah's heart fairly leaped into her throat for joy when her Aunt Marion called her in one day when she was passing her house.

"I've broken one of my best pink saucers," said she sorrowfully, "but I suppose some good will come out of it. I know you children will be delighted to have it."

"Oh," cried Sarah, her blue eyes snapping, "I guess we shall!"

It was broken so nicely in halves, and the china was exquisite—the loveliest shade of pink, sprinkled over with little gold flowers.

Sarah went home slowly, looking at them all the way. She held one tightly in each hand. "I shall have to give one to Nannie," she thought to herself. How it was that temptation crept into Sarah's little heart she could not have told; but with every step on that homeward road, she hated more and more the thought that she must part with one piece of that beautiful china. "She's got prettier ones than I have now," the little girl said complainingly to herself. "That last green piece was a good deal handsomer than my brown. She's the youngest, too; seems as if I ought to have a little the best."

Sarah walked slower and slower. She looked more and more wistfully at the china. She tucked both pieces under her little shawl when she came in sight of home. "I won't give it to her to-night, anyway," she said. She entered the house, and ran softly up-stairs to the attic, where the children had their playhouse. Nobody saw her.

When she went down-stairs into the sitting-room, Nannie ran to meet her eagerly. "Oh, Sarah," she cried, "you don't know what has happened since you went away! A letter has come, and Aunt Serena wants you to come to Boston and stay a month!"

Sarah turned fairly pale with delight. This had been the dream of her life—to visit Aunt Serena in Boston. Her little head was in a whirl from that minute till the happy day when she seated herself in the stage coach, and set forth on the Boston road. Little time had she to think about poor fragments of china in the attic of that house far back among the hills, during that delightful visit, which extended itself to two months.

When she returned, however, and she and Nannie took up their rounds of homely joys again, and began their miniature housekeeping, she did think of that pink china. But she could not find it. The memory of the safe hiding place to which she had hurriedly consigned it had completely vanished from her childish mind. She said nothing about it to Nannie, but she hunted secretly for a long time. She poked in every dark corner in the attic, but it never came to light till years afterward, when Sarah and Nannie were all past playing with bits of broken china.

Sarah was eighteen and Nannie was sixteen when the long-lost treasure appeared. Sarah was teaching school, and proudly bringing home her little earnings; she took great delight in them. The Davis family was not rich, and Sarah did love pretty things. She liked to buy nice dresses and bonnets for herself. Nannie did not have so many, as she was still dependent on her father, who could not afford them. It was very doubtful, moreover, if she would ever be able to teach and earn for herself. She was not as strong as Sarah.

One night when Sarah came home from a shopping trip, bringing some pretty pink stuff for a dress, Nannie could not help looking at it a little wistfully.

"That would be pretty for me wouldn't it?" said she. And she went to the glass and held it up against her face. She did need a new dress.

Something in her sad voice startled Sarah a little. She looked at her uneasily. "Yes, it's very becoming," she said hesitatingly. The thought did flash through her mind that she might give that dress to Nannie, that the child needed it more than she did, but she tried to put it aside.

Nannie put the pretty pink cloth down with a little sigh, and seated herself at her work again. She was ripping an old coat, which had been laid away in the attic for years. She had come across it, and thought it might be made over for herself.

"You can't imagine what I found in the pocket of this old coat, Sarah," she said, taking up her scissors. "The funniest thing—"

An odd feeling of grasping at a shadow came over Sarah. "What?" she said quickly.

Nannie fumbled about the pieces of the coat on the table. "Here——"

There were two pieces of pink china with little gold flowers on them.

"How do you suppose they came there?" asked Nannie innocently.

Sarah sat breathless. All that old selfishness came back to her. She must have hidden the china in the pocket of that old coat on that memorable night. She began to laugh. She was blushing, too. She could not help feeling ashamed, though it was all so silly and childish and long ago.

"Why, do you know?" said Nannie wonderingly.

Then Sarah told the whole story. Nannie listened, laughing merrily.

"You might have had them both, if you had wanted them as badly as all that," said she, more generous perhaps than she would have been years ago, when those bits of china had full current value in her childish mind.

Nannie kept breaking out in little bits of laughter over it, as the two girls sat there. Sarah still had on her bonnet and wrap. She looked thoughtful, though she laughed in company with her sister. Finally she untied her bonnet with a resolute little pull and arose.

The pretty pink material was 'ying, nicely folded, on the sofa. Sarah took it up and handed it to Nannie.

"See here! I've been thinking," said she, "that you had better have this dress. I don't need it, anyway, and you do. And it is a great deal prettier for you than for me. Pink was always your color. And then I shall feel a little easier about my having been such a pig when I was a little girl. I don't know but I hide away things in coat pockets now sometimes, and if I do I want to stop. You needn't say a word, dear; you're going to have it. I'll help you make it; we'll ruffle it, and put on some lace, and it will look lovely. We will get it finished so you can wear it to church next Sunday."—*Christian at Work.*

HELPING EACH OTHER.

A very quaint incident, and one worth repeating, is that of two little dogs, who, while out for their afternoon airing, became thirsty, and finding themselves near a city park fountain, decided to have a drink, but neither of them was tall enough to reach the water. So, after talking the matter over in true dog fashion—that is, by running round and round, jumping up, standing on their hind legs, and indulging in all sorts of strange antics—they suddenly solved the problem, and in the funniest way.

One of them ranged himself under the edge of the basin, and the other, by resting his forefeet upon his companion's back, was just able to reach the water. When he had finished, he hopped down, and, taking his companion's place, allowed him to satisfy his thirst as he had done. Then they both trotted off to meet their master, who had stood by in silent wonder and admiration at his pets' performance.—*Harper's Young People.*

ONE THING TO REMEMBER.

Above all, remember that it is only by hard work that success is achieved. If you would win in the great struggle of life you must study and work without intermission. As one of the most famous of our self-made men has said, "You must not only work, but you must select your work with intelligence. You must be preparing the way for what you intend to become." What your hands find to do, do it so well that you will satisfy not only your employer, but yourself. Boys who do this are bound to achieve financial success, and that is a great deal in this world, but not all. Financial success does not always bring happiness. You can round out your careers in a splendid way by doing something for others as well as yourself. If you find some weak brother who is not as able as you are to cope with the world, be generous and do what you can to aid him. Try to do something for others every day. Helpfulness is a word that you should always keep in mind.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE MAN who brought his sacrifice to the temple didn't have to bring one that weighed so much, but he did have to bring one that was without blemish.

LONDON RAGAMUFFINS.

(By Mrs. Henry M. Stanley in Youth's Companion.)

I HAVE BEEN asked to tell American boys and girls something about English boys and girls. So I will speak of the London ragamuffin—an old friend of mine, more interesting to me in his sooty rags than the prosperous, well-cared-for children who play decorously in our fashionable parks and squares.

Are there any Boston ragamuffins? Any New York gamins? I had no opportunity of meeting them. They must in many respects differ considerably from their English cousins; their language, their view of life, the very "cut" of their rags must be different.

Perhaps our little Londoner is less "cute," for although our poorest children commence early the struggle for life, suffering from the outset deprivations of every kind, they nevertheless retain, and often to a surprising degree, a certain childishness of body and mind. There is no country in the world where children of every class are so long children as in England.

It is quite a mistake to think that because a little girl has to play the mother to small brothers and sisters that it is necessary that her small mind shall be oppressed with anxiety, that she shall think of to-morrow's dinner, or be troubled as to next week's rent.

The expression of care and melancholy we sometimes see need not be the effect of want or suffering; the joyless, anxious little face may belong to a contented, happy child who wears on its countenance the shadows of a past it has never known, the stamp of an inherited expression.

"What makes you most happy? What do you like best? Tell me Samuel Jones."

Samuel Jones screws up his eyes reflectively, and of course replies, "Dunno," to gain time.

"But think," I persist.

"Well! the theayter—and fried fish—and, and—father and mother," he adds, hastily; because Samuel has a general notion of saying the right thing.

This particular boy confessed to having been three times to see a certain popular play. He described the most thrilling scenes; he marched up and down my studio, now assuming the hoarse tones of the villain, now the indignant protests of the hero, quite unconscious of his droll appearance in ragged coat and trousers and a still more ragged shirt, his lint-white hair cropped short and bristling up on his pink head.

Yes, the theatre and fried fish come before father and mother.

"Is it really nice, fried fish? The fried fish you get?" I asked doubtfully.

"Nice! Just you get a bit and see. Why, it's nicer nor anythink. But I'll bring you some, I will."

"No, Samuel Jones; now that you can earn money, you should put it carefully by. Save all your halfpence."

But Samuel only shook his head. He was determined to treat me; and sure enough, the next morning, before he had unbuttoned his ample overcoat—Mr. Jones senior's coat with very slight adaptations—I could perceive the unsavory offering.

"Wait a bit," said Samuel, with grave importance; and diving his hands into the depths of his pocket, he produced an oily parcel.

"Wait a bit." And he unfolded the *Star* newspaper, revealing a peculiar-looking fish.

"I ate the head and tail as I comed along," he explained: "they aint no good, yer know."

It was generously meant, and I had to accept the gift. "But I cannot eat it now, I must keep it for dinner," I added, hypocritically; and the ragamuffin dainty was removed.

I was now afraid Samuel Jones would propose taking me to see his favorite play, so I hastened to assure him that I could accept no more gifts from him, as I was able to give myself all I wanted. But Samuel was incredulous.

"All you want! Git along! Why, could you have a horse and cart? And heaps of clothes—new clothes—and pudden every day and—and—" here Samuel fairly lost himself in vague imaginings of infinite possibilities.

And yet there was something which only my ragamuffins could give me—their rags!

I possess a really unique collection, most carefully selected: trousers in every stage of dilapidation—torn, patched, worn, looped up, stained, with rough ends of strings for braces; little shirts with apertures for shoulders; coats of every description, from the elaborately braided jacket which has come down in the world till its faded gentility gave way to tattered elbows and gaping seams, to the sturdy coat of the big brother which has become the trailing overcoat of the little one.

Most of my "ole cloes" have one tone of color. If you examine them closely you detect something of the original hue; but wear and weather tinge them all a greenish brown or a brownish green.

I have also an assortment of little girls' garments—frocks with ragged flounces, and never a hook or button.

"Please, m'm, I've brought you my old polnaze!"

"My mother says you can have my worn-out dolman!"

The girls, you see, are very particular about the names of their garments.

I then have them spread out before me; and if they are characteristically ragged or worn I effect an exchange. The ragamuffin becomes the possessor of some more serviceable garment, from a store of them which I have in reserve, and his rags are mine.

Of course I have to pass them through a very necessary purifying process. They have to be baked, fumigated and hung out in the air till they are "safe," after which they are carefully packed away in camphor and pepper.

The advantage to an artist of having these "raggety" clothes is obvious. In a twinkling my too tidy model is transformed into the regular ragamuffin. There is much laughing and sneezing when the rags come out of the cupboard. "Well now I, if I aint got on boy Vincent's coat," or "Here's Billy Sullivan's trousers, and one of his marbles in the pocket." Then a run, a somersault, and our too respectable boy has shaken down into the merry, impudent street-arab.

But the girls return more reluctantly to the old dress. There is much pouting of lips and shaking of shoulders before the contemptuous little maiden condescends to put on what was perhaps her own old frock.

On the whole, boys are much pleasanter to work with. I would far sooner the baby to be painted were brought by the brother than by the sister. As a rule, the boys are more gentle and motherly with the "little un." The sisters are given to slapping and "setting up" the baby with, "Now, then, aint yer ashamed of yerself? Well, I never! You are a naughty boy, Arthur John. See if I don't tell yer mother!" And Arthur John is shaken till the roar is shaken down his wide-open mouth, and for some seconds he seems in imminent danger of suffocation.

But the brother, he is more disposed to soothe and quiet "his baby," or "baiby," as he pronounces it. Assiduously he wipes away the tears, and by cunning wiles and tricks coaxes back the half-ashamed, reluctant smile.

"Our baiby" is a favorite theme. Wonderful stories are told of the little one at home. "She's jist as sharp as a needle," says one; and another admiringly exclaims, "She pulls my 'air out by the 'andfulls, she do!"

"Is your little sister good-looking? Is she pretty?" I ask, seeing a possible model for a picture I am painting.

"I rather think she is—just! Pretty! Why, there aint a prettier nowhere."

"But tell me—what is she like?"

Descriptions of personal appearance, however, are not the ragamuffin forte.

"Oh, she's just as nice looking as she can be," he says, vaguely. "She's a round, big face,—oh, ever so big,—and hard,—oh, ever so hard,—and my! aint she got red cheeks, all shiny, too, and nice little eyes, like mouse's eyes, bright as nails; and mother does oil her hair beautiful of Sundays, cocoanut oil; you can smell it all the way after her."

Now I am going to tell you about the cleverest, naughtiest boy I ever knew. He was so naughty that I was always determined I would never see him again; and yet he was so clever that he always contrived to "get around me." I felt I was weak, and what was still more humiliating, that the boy knew it and took advantage of it.

I do not think I ought to give his real name, because he is, perhaps, trying to become better; so, as he was an Irish boy, I will call him Patrick Mahoney.

Now Pat had a very useful face to paint, because he could look very good or very naughty, just as my subject required. He could keep a merry expression, or drop his mouth and look so sorrowful that it would have melted your heart to see him.

Pat assured me he could laugh on one side of his face and cry on the other at the same time, though I never actually saw him do that.

Pat also had a very pliable, wiry little body, which could fall into almost any attitude; and what is more important for a painter, he could keep it. And with this he had a most suggestive mind. More than once he found good subjects for drawings, and he was often an intelligent critic. Patrick Mahoney, but for his serious faults, would really have been a treasure.

The worst thing about him was his untruthfulness. He seldom spoke the truth but by chance; and I am sorry to say, he never hesitated to pocket any unconsidered trifle which took his fancy.

Pat was introduced to me by a very quiet well-behaved little boy who sat to me three days a week. The new boy was to sit the other three days.

Pat soon won me by his wit and power of adaptation. I little guessed then the depths of naughtiness in the heart which beat behind that tattered shirt.

"What does boy Taffy do for you, laidy?" asked Pat, one morning. I showed him the sketch I was making of his well-behaved friend.

"Ah," sighed Pat, "pity boy Taffy's a cadger!"

"A what?"

"A cadger. A boy wot takes things away—sneaks things off. See here; he took some of your paints home yesterday and squenged them all over hisself. He wanted to give some to me, but I guessed he'd faked 'em, so I wouldn't have none of 'em."

All this sounded circumstantial enough, and as I had lately missed several tubes of color, I was ready to believe perfidious Pat.

"I wouldn't have boy Taffy again, laidy," he continued. "He swears awful. Mother's afraid as I'll catch it from him."

I was really surprised to hear this; Taffy seemed to me such an excellent little boy.

"Are you sure you are speaking the truth?" I asked, still doubtful.

"Speaking the truth am I?" cried Pat, with beautiful indignation. "See here!" Bounding off the stand, he ran up to me and spat violently into the palm of his left hand. "Is that wet?" he asked, solemnly; then rubbing his left hand vigorously on his cord trousers, he again presented the upturned palm. "Is that dry? Cut my throat if I tell a lie!" And he passed his hand significantly across his throat.

After such a fearful asseveration, what could I do but believe? So poor Taffy's services were dispensed with, and Patrick reigned supreme.

It would take too long were I to enumerate Pat's misdeeds, or to recount the long series of deceptions he practised on me. I think his fertile imagination found peculiar satisfaction in describing harrowing scenes at home, and the many wonderful things he had seen and done. The air of truthfulness that he assumed was simply marvellous.

Sometimes he betrayed himself, as for instance, in the case of the exciting adventure at Brighton one bank holiday. He told how they went to sea from Brighton pier, going aboard a great ship with many sails. Then a fierce storm arose, and they would all have been lost but for the timely arrival of the life-boat; and as though shipwreck were not enough for one day, that very afternoon he and a companion had plucked a few rosy-cheeked apples which hung temptingly from a tree—at the end of March!—when the owner let loose "a pack of bloodhounds." Pat, of course, escaped, but his unfortunate companion was almost torn to pieces. He even went so far as to say that he had seen several monkeys in the trees, but he "wouldn't swear to it."

Had he confined himself to word-painting I might have endured it. When, however, it came to re-touching one of my pictures—putting moustaches to my portrait of a pretty flower-girl—I felt that it was time for me to be angry in earnest.

Another day he invited in my name ten boys and girls to bring their baby brothers or sisters to be painted. He told them all to come at the same hour, and in they

marched, an invasion of infants, to the immense delight of Pat.

Of course he was severely scolded and told to go, never to return; but the picture had to be finished, so Pat had to be forgiven. He knew that I was to a very considerable extent "in his power," and he proposed to exercise it.

My paints and brushes disappeared. It was unsafe to leave him alone in the studio. Before he quitted the house I always had to search his pockets; and invariably I drew out ends of charcoal or pencils, tubes of paints and ends of brushes; and Pat invariably assumed an air of great innocence and astonishment, just like the conjurer when he draws an egg from his elbow, or finds a coin in an orange.

If I sorrowfully remonstrated with him, "O Pat, how could you! I have been so kind, so patient!" he would shed easy tears, and attempt to minimize his guilt.

"Well, laidy, see; I take them things quite honest-like; there aint no sneaking in me. These here pockets are big—any one can see them. I just put those old bits of things into these pockets and—walk out as clear as day. I wouldn't pretend nuffin; you feel in my pockets and find the things there all right and honest. There's no taking away them bits of rubbish," he added, contemptuously eying the things he had hoped to carry off.

Pat spoke with such a sense of being wronged—there was a glow of such honest indignation about him—that I really felt apologetic.

But the climax had yet to come, when we were to part sadder and wiser. I had returned to my studio after a fortnight's absence, eager to recommence work on a new picture of boys wrestling. So of course I sent for Patrick Mahoney; but Pat sent word by his little sister that he was ill in bed, and did not know when he should be well enough to come.

I had my doubts about Pat's illness. Every assertion he made suggested doubts. So I kept his little sister, that I might make a study of her head.

She was a knowing little girl, with Pat's bright eyes and sparkling white teeth.

"I hope your brother will soon be well enough to come back to me," I said, after painting some time in silence.

"Ah! but he won't," chuckled the imp-like child. "Pat says he won't never come back any more. No," she continued, noting my surprise with evident enjoyment. "I heard him tell mother he didn't like you, and he said as how he wouldn't keep your present. He got half a crown for it, he did. He said he would have been glad to get rid of it for a shilling."

"What present?" I cried, impulsively. "I never gave Pat a present. It must be something of mine he took, and has sold! What was it? Tell me directly!"

Here was a mystery.

But I had by this speech warned her that something was wrong, and lost my chance of finding out about the "present." The little imp was silent. She wouldn't "tell on her brother."

No persuasion or bribes availed anything; and Miss Mahoney finally left me with the uncomfortable belief that Patrick, her brother, had taken something of mine, which he had disposed of for half-a-crown.

I sat alone in my studio, musing on the ingratitude of ragamuffins, when my eyes chanced to light on an empty space on the wall. I missed something familiar; surely a painting had hung there—a little painting of mine.

I rose and hunted about. Where was my study of Patrick "doing the wheel?" It had disappeared. It was one of my favorite sketches, too.

Pat had no doubt taken it, and sold it for half-a-crown. I reported the matter to the authorities, and to make a long story short, the painting was recovered at the cost of five shillings, and Patrick Mahoney had to be given up as a model.

Some months later I met him, very ragged, very muddy, very impudent, sweeping a crossing most vigorously.

"Chuck us a copper, laidy!" he cried, pattering after me with bare feet.

"Patrick," I said, quickly looking at him from head to foot, "I want to help you, somehow, if you will let me help you? Will you go to a boys' home? A home where you will be taken care of and taught a useful trade."

"Catch me!" cried Pat, adding with a twinkle in his eyes, "It would break mother's 'art to part with me—and—and—" dexterously balancing his broom on his chin, "I like doing nuffin best!"

There, alas! you have the ragamuffin. He likes doing nothing best; it is so much pleasanter, so much easier.

Every year that passes work becomes more of a hardship; the ragamuffin trusts more and more to the changes and chances of street life, and every year that passes the ragamuffin loses some of his charm, some of his little-boy innocence. He even loses the power of learning, and the wish to grow better.

He goes on from bad to worse, and too often becomes a hardened criminal.

But the dirtiest, naughtiest, ugliest little raggamuffin is precious. In the state there is nothing more precious than the child.

We are beginning to understand this serious fact; we are trying to lift our ragamuffins from the mud, where they are trampled under foot, soiled and destroyed.

Some day it will seem to us a strange, incomprehensible thing that little children were ever forsaken, neglected or ill-treated in civilized Europe or America.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CONVICTION.

A minister was one day called upon by one of his congregation, a young man, who professed to be dissatisfied with what he had heard on the Sunday before. "I was not satisfied with your reasoning," he added: "I have some points which embarrass me. I wish for an explanation." The minister listened patiently to his difficulties, which were of a deep and metaphysical character; and, when he had done, the minister inquired, "But are you prepared for death and judgment?" "I cannot say I am," was the reply. The pastor remained silent for a short time, and then said solemnly, "Let us pray." In his prayer he brought all these difficulties before God; and asked, in the most earnest manner, for God's saving grace. The young man retired; and complained afterwards to his friends that the minister had evaded his difficulties, and that as a subterfuge he had resorted to prayer. But that prayer was more powerful than argument would have been. That young man confessed so afterwards. He afterwards wrote to that minister, and said, "I was displeased with your sermon because I felt it to be true. I hoped to perplex you by a discussion, and thus to ease my own conscience. But the Holy Spirit triumphed; and I am now a brand plucked out of the fire."—*Clayton.*

CLOSELY OBSERVED.

"It is reported that Robert has become a Christian, do you know anything special about the matter?" Thus asked one business man of another, while chatting together.

"Yes, I heard so, too, but do not know the particulars."

"I shall observe him closely and see if he holds out, for I need a reliable young man in my business and such are hard to find. If Robert holds out he is just the man I must have. I have already had an eye on him for some time, and I shall continue to do so."

Robert attended to his duties unconscious of the fact that he was specially observed. He spoke to his comrades without ever a thought that he was watched, but even if he had known it, he could not have acted otherwise than he did.

That business man saw how Robert sometimes endured ridicule on account of his religion; he observed more than once how Robert admonished his fellow-clerks and pointed out to them the dangers besetting the path which they chose to pursue. Although the employer himself was not a church-goer he was always anxious to find out if Robert had been there. The business man had much more faith in dollars and cents than in prayer-meeting, and yet it delighted him to receive the cheery answer from Robert upon inquiry where he was going, as he passed him on the street, "To the prayer-meeting, sir." The same interest was manifested by Robert's employer as regarded the former's activity in the Sunday-school.

Thus a year passed. The man of business was elated over the results of his observations. "That young fellow," said he, "is a Christian, him I can trust, and no wages are too high for him. I'll offer him the position, for such young men are not found every day."

Others observe you without your knowing it. They try to find out, if you are true, whether an important position can be entrusted to you, and whether you are an honor to your profession. The world has its cold, critical eye upon you, in order to see if your religion is genuine.

But more than this: God's eye also rests upon you. He not only sees your missteps, but also your earnest endeavors to do your best in his service. God, too, has places of importance, honor and trust to fill. He seeks for men and women. He can only use you if you have stood the test and have been found faithful.

It is not written in the Bible, "Thou good and successful servant," but "thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Is not faithfulness the greatest success?—*Sunday School Messenger.*

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE LAD.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

What is this that my darling is saying?
You think that your gift is so small,
Though it's all that you had to offer,
It can surely do no good at all?

You forget then that sweet Bible story
Meant for little ones, yes, even you,
Of the dear little lad who brought gladly
His gifts, though so small and so few.

Five loaves and the two little fishes
Were all that the little lad brought.
What were they among hungering thousands
That thronged where the Master had taught?

Yet he brought them, not doubting or fearing
But that Jesus the offering would own:
And lo! when the Master had blessed it,
To abundance the small gift had grown!

So to-day you may take to the Saviour
Your childish gift without fear
But that he will own and receive it,
Since you bring to him what you hold dear.

And his blessing will add what it lacketh,
Till perchance it may do great good,
And carry the news of the gospel
To a hungering multitude.

—*Child's Paper.*

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